Enter King Richard, Iohn of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.

King Richard.

OLde *Iohn* of *Gaunt*, time honoured *Lancaſter*,
Haſt thou according to thy oth and band,
Brought hither *Henry Herford* thy bold ſon,
Here to make good the boiſtrous late appeal
Which then our leiſure wold not let vs here,
Againſt the Duke of Norfolke, *Tho: Mow.*

Gaunt. I haue my Liege.

King. Tell me moreouer, haſt thou ſounded him
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good ſubiect ſhould,
On ſome knowne ground of treacherie in him?

Gaunt. As neare as I could ſift him on that argument,
On ſome apparant danger ſeene in him,
Aimde at your Highneſſe, no inueterate malice.

King. Then call them to our preſence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow our ſelues will heare
The accuſer, and the accuſed freely ſpeake:
Hie ſtomackt are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deafe as the ſea, haſtie as fire.

Enter Bullingbroke, and Mowbray.

Bulling. Many yeares of happie daies befall
My gracious Soueraigne, my moſt louing Liege,